

Good Morning 515

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A member of
Parliament tells you
what happens when
the House goes into
Secret Session

Even Women Keep These War Secrets

THE House has gone into Secret Session more than once since the war began, and I can claim to have been at each one of these dramatic meetings.

Behind locked doors we have discussed submarines and soap, tanks and tactics. The secrets revealed by Ministers to Members in the course of these vital discussions have been well kept.

There has never been a single case of an M.P. found guilty of careless talk after a secret session.

The reason, of course, is not that we are super-men (often far from it), but that the extreme importance of the tasks in hand make one's tongue guarded.

From the normal procedure adopted, you would never know that women are present. As all remarks are addressed technically to the Speaker, a Minister replying to a question in a secret session will say "Yes, sir," even though the query originates from an Hon. Member who is a woman.

Nevertheless many women M.P.s have attended secret sessions, so it is sheer nonsense to suggest that women can't keep these important war secrets.

On the contrary, secrecy about the modus operandi of the House has, since the war, been such that even in an ordinary non-secret session there has, until the other day, been a censorship on the precise times of debates, and other such details.

We have just restored the tell-tale time-table recording the length of speeches. When secrecy became necessary about the hours of the House, while London was a major aerial target, the system of printing in Hansard the times at which each Member began and ended his speech was discontinued.

Thus it became impossible to assess the length of a speech otherwise than by the number of columns it filled in the official report.

Now this censorship has been

lifted, although "Security" in the case of every secret session is still of a high order, no hint can be given of what transpires.

The actual mechanism of the way in which the House goes into secret session can, however, be disclosed.

Members and Peers only are allowed to be present. Other galleries are cleared, doors are closed, even the windows are guarded.

Special Branch men of Scotland Yard detail picked men to see that no enemy agent can eavesdrop on what happens in the House.

All M.P.s are permitted to attend, even if they have been released after detention under some Defence Order, but, of course, if there were any leakage the person responsible would at once find himself arrested under provisions of the Official Secrets Act.

THE TREBITSCH.

There has been no such leakage in the present war, but in the last war there was the case of the notorious Trebitsch Lincoln, who at that time was elected M.P. for Darlington.

Early in 1914 he was involved in an Admiralty scene, got himself into trouble for using Parliamentary knowledge, and fled to America to avoid arrest.

In a New York newspaper he published what he alleged to be a string of secrets obtained from a secret session in Whitehall.

As a matter of fact, he did not avoid arrest, because he was subsequently arrested for forging a cheque, extradited, sent back to Britain for trial, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

When the first secret session of the present war was announced, Admiral Beamish asked whether Members could tell their constituents what happened at the session—which, as a matter of fact, was about the work of the Ministry of Supply and the alleged shortage of certain war equipment.

There is, oddly enough, no

Standing Order on the subject, and thus the safeguarding of the nation's most vital secrets lies in the honour of the M.P.s alone.

Tempers often rise at secret sessions, for the Press and public being excluded, there is little need for the usual restraints. In the last war the most bitter secret session was probably that debate which argued over the matter of universal conscription.

It was a sore point, for Mr. Asquith had given the country unconditional and absolute guarantees that married men would never be conscripted, so tempers rose high behind locked doors.

When the Conscriptionists eventually introduced their



TEA-TIME GOSSIP FOR A.B. Pat Garrard

IT was a misty autumn morning when we called at 35 Pittcairn Road, Mitcham, A.B. Patrick J. Garrard. There was a lovely bright fire in the grate and everything looked nice and warm and cheery.

Mum was able to report everyone well at home. Dad was doing a job of spotting, although there is not much to spot these days; and, boy, oh boy! does he miss you on those jobs you used to do together!

Bob has been buzzing about a bit. Letters have reached home from America, then France, then Egypt, but so far he has not had the luck to get home. There is one thing he moans about, and that is that you never write to him, so get to it with that pen, pal.

Dorothy, your glamour girl, is still doing her bit on munitions, and Lou, in spite of the fact of being a mother, is also helping to feed the nation, down at the local food office. They both send their love.

Terry sang a little song for us, which we took to be "Come home soon, sailor." He had a

formidable bruise on the nose when we saw him; a result of falling off the Atlantic Wall. We thought he'd been fighting, but maybe it's just the salt blood in his veins!

Olive is well, and says why the Pygmalion (hell?) don't you write, and if you don't soon it seems to her someone's going to get bumped-off when next on leave.

Dickie Challis has just got his commission in the R.A.F., and Dorothy and Lou saw him about six weeks ago. They say he looks smashing, and wishes to be remembered to you. His mother says he has been on thirty-two opps. and was slightly wounded in the arm, which got him a Blighty leave for five weeks. Some blokes fix it, don't they!

Challenger, the fairy-tale teller, is still going strong, and is still qualifying for the world's biggest liar. The latest is some titled lady has pro-

posed to him, but he turned her down because she wasn't glamorous enough, and, as he said, money's not everything. Anyone on your boat beat that one?

Ronnie Ernie, your Marine pal, is still growing, and has been across to France on D-Day, had a couple of leaves, and is now off somewhere East looking for a taller ship.

Love from all the aunts, Olive, Dorothy and Lou, and, of course, Mum and Dad.

They are all preparing a grand do in anticipation of your early return, and they hope the cockerel won't be too tough before this happens.

Business as usual, P.O. Bill Atkin

QUITE an efficient little business woman is Mrs. Nellie Atkin, wife of Petty Officer William Henry Atkin, of 4 Beaulieu Road, North End, Portsmouth.

For fourteen years she has worked for a well-known Southsea firm of antique dealers. Most of the time she has been in the office, but she now helps to handle the sales side as well.

"Good Morning" was lucky to get this smiling study of her at her job. We hope you will like it, Bill.

Mrs. Atkin tells us she has really seen very little of you since you got married four years ago. Not your fault, of course—just another urgent reason for helping to get this blankety-blank war over!

She has also had the experience of being blitzed at work, when the firm lost everything and had to find new premises,

and being blitzed at home.

That was some little while ago. It is not so easy for Jerry to drop his visiting cards to-day, and Mrs. Atkin spends her time very happily between her home and her work. There are just the two of them, her and her mother, at Beaulieu Road.

She evidently doesn't believe in being idle, for during the evening she likes to sit and read, or knit and listen to the wireless. Jumpers and pullovers are her speciality. And three times a week,

Bill, off go the letters which you probably get in a bunch. Regularly every week Mrs. Atkin also hears from your mother and father in Scotland, and in reply she keeps them posted with all the news.

And here is her special message to you, written out for us in her own hand:

"Here's hoping everything is O.K. with you. May God bless you and watch over you, and bring you home safely one day soon. All my love and kisses and kind regards from all here. Nell."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Maybe, sir, but they argue they were here before us!"

Bill, Sir John Simon resigned as a protest, but, of course, suffered nothing in political opinion.

In present-day secret sessions there have been parallels, and debates have become so heated that perhaps it is just as well we adhere to one old custom in the House.

I refer to the fact that, in secret or open debate, a Member speaking from one of the front benches must not overstep the red line on the carpet in front of him. This is a survival of the old days when it was deemed inadvisable to allow Members to approach within sword's range of Hon. Gentlemen on the other side!

A secret session does give Members a chance to continue their work without interruption. There are no pink and green slips passed along the benches. The pink slip signifies a telephone call, and a green slip a personal caller waiting in the Lobby.

When the secret session is on, everything else must wait.

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



Home News Flashes

For STC. CHARLES McBRIDE.

"AND God bless Charlie and send him home"—those words are in quotes, Stoker Charles McBride. We take them from the prayer of young Sandy.

When we called at 77 Saunders Street, Belfast, we met all the family but your wife. They were all well, and all send greetings to you.

Annie is still working at the rope factory—she is making hawfers for the Royal Navy now; young Jean is getting along well at school, and is always top of her class in maths. Her mother says there is no doubt about her ability in fact, she's a very bright young lady.

And Aunt Mary too, often inquires about you. Did you know that she took the family down to Dublin for Christmas. Granny was more excited about it than anyone. Her best hat came out of storage after many moons!

For A.B. CHARLES MULHOLLAND

THERE'S a brief news flash for you, A.B. Charles Mulholland. We were unable to get to your home when your wife was home, so we called on your mother at 22 Edith St., Belfast.

Anyway, you have the word of all at Edith Street that your wife is very well and working quite hard. She spends most evenings round the corner with the family, and although she is missing you a lot, makes the best of things and keeps cheerful.

Elizabeth the spinner is pretty busy these days too. Her boy friend in the Fleet Air Arm hasn't been home for some time, but he writes often and appears to be having a fairly good time.

Young William is getting quite a reputation in the local choir; his mother says he shows much more enthusiasm for choir practices than he does for his algebra homework.

The message closes with the promise that "All at home are anxiously awaiting the big day."

A Side-splitting "TWO-DAY" story by W. W. JACOBS

IT was a calm, clear evening in late summer as the *Elizabeth Ann*, of Pembray, scorning the expensive aid of a tug, threaded her way down the London river then, his curiosity being somewhat under canvas. The crew were excited, he called old Dick to busy forward, and the master him, with the amiable intention and part-owner—a fussy little man, deeply imbued with a sense of his own importance and cleverness—was at the wheel chatting with the mate. While waiting for a portion of his cargo, he had passed the previous week pleasantly enough with some relatives in Exeter, and was now in a masterful fashion receiving a report from the mate.

"There's one other thing," said the mate. "I desay you've noticed how sober old Dick is to-night."

"I kept him short o' purpose," said the skipper, with a satisfied air.

"Tain't that," said the mate. "You'll be pleased to hear that 'im an' Sam has been talked over by the other two, and that all your crew now, 'cept the cook, who's still Roman Catholic, has joined the Salvation Army."

"Salvation Army!" repeated the skipper in dazed tones. "I don't want none o' your gammon, Bob."

"It's quite right," said the other. "You can take it from me. How it was done I don't know, but what I do know is, none of 'em has touched liker for five days. They've all got red jerseys, can't we do it? Becos we feel

an' I hear as old Dick preaches a hexcellent sermon. He's red-hot on it, and t'others follow 'im like sheep."

"The drink's got to his brain," said the skipper sagely, after due reflection. "Well, I don't mind, so long as they behave themselves."

He kept silence until Woolwich was passed, and they were running along with all sails set, and his curiosity being somewhat under canvas, he called old Dick to busy forward, and the master him, with the amiable intention and part-owner—a fussy little

"What's this I hear about you joining the Salvation Army?" he asked.

"It's quite true, sir," said Dick. "I feel so happy, you can't think—we all do."

"Glory!" said one of the other men, with enthusiastic corroboration.

"Seems like the measles," said the skipper facetiously.

"Four of you down with it at one time!"

"It is like the measles, sir," said the old man impressively, "an' I only hope as you'll catch it yourself, bad."

"Hallelujah!" bawled the other man suddenly. "He'll catch it."

"Hold that noise, you, Joe!" shouted the skipper sternly. "How dare you make that noise aboard ship?"

"He's excited, sir," said Dick.

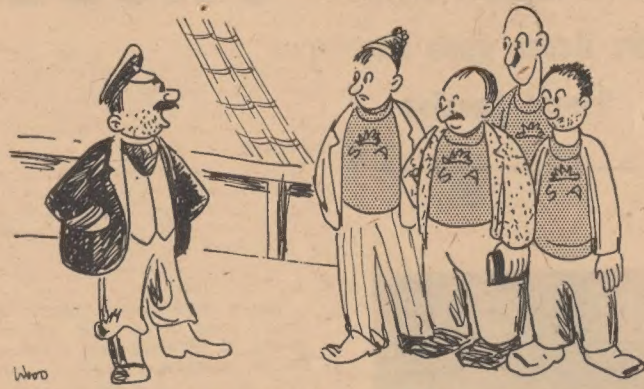
"It's love for you in 'is 'eart as does it."

"Let him keep his love to himself," said the skipper churlishly.

"Ah! that's just what we can't do," said Dick in high-pitched tones, which the skipper rightly

concluded to be his preaching voice. "We can't do it—an' why

days. They've all got red jerseys, can't we do it? Becos we feel



good, an' we want you to feel good too. We want to share it with you. Oh, dear friend!"

"That's enough," said the mate, who had been forward, ter of the *Elizabeth Ann*, sharply: "Don't you go 'dear friending' struggling for development at the me. Go for'ard! Go for'ard at corners of his mouth."

With a melancholy shake of his head the old man complied, and with some disfavour, the startled skipper turned to the mate, who was at the wheel, their red jerseys on," replied the

and expressed his firm intention of at once stopping such behaviour on his ship.

"You can't do it," said the mate firmly. "Can't do it?" queried the skipper.

"Not a bit of it," said the other. "They've all got it bad, an' the more you get at 'em the wuss they'll be. Mark my words, best let 'em alone."

"I'll hold my hand a bit and watch 'em," was the reply; "but I've always been cap'n on my own ship, and I always will."

For the next twenty-four hours he retained his sovereignty un-

incensed man. "What do you want?"

"We want your pore sinful soul," said Dick with ecstasy.

"Ay, an' we'll have it," said Joe, with deep conviction.

"So we will," said the other two, closing their eyes and smiling rapturously; "so we will."

The skipper, alarmed, despite himself, at their confidence, turned a startled face to the mate.

"If you could see it now," continued Dick impressively, "you'd be frightened at it. If you could"

"Get to your own end of the ship," spluttered the indignant skipper. "Get, before I kick you there!"

"Better let Sam have a try," said one of the other men, calmly ignoring the fury of the master; "his efforts have been wonderfully blessed. Come here, Sam."

"There's a time for everything," said Sam cautiously. "Let's go for'ard and do what we can for him among ourselves."

They moved off reluctantly, Dick throwing such affectionate glances at the skipper over his shoulders that he nearly choked with rage.

"I won't have it!" he said fiercely; "I'll knock it out of 'em."

"You can't," said the mate. "You can't knock sailor men about nowadays. The only thing you can do is to get rid of 'em."

"I don't want to do that," was the growling reply. "They've been with me a long time, and they're all good men. Why don't they have a go at you, I wonder?"

"Me?" said the mate, in indignant surprise. "Why, I'm

a Seventh Day Baptist! They don't want to waste their time over me. I'm all right."

"You're a pretty Seventh Day Baptist, you are!" replied the skipper. "Fust I've heard of it."

"You don't understand about such things," said the mate.

"It must be a very easy religion," continued the skipper.

"I don't make a show of it, if that's what you mean," rejoined the other warmly. "I'm one o' them as believe in 'iding my light under a bushel.'"

"A pint pot 'ud do easy," sneered the skipper. "It's more in your line, too."

"Anyway, the men reckonise it," said the mate loftily. "They don't go an' sit in their red jerseys an' hold mothers' meetings over me."

"I'll knock their blessed heads off!" growled the skipper. "I'll learn 'em to insult me!"

"It's all for your own good," said the other. "They mean it kindly. Well, I wish 'em luck."

With these hardy words he retired, leaving a seething volcano to pace the deck, and think over ways and means of once more reducing his crew to what he considered a fit and proper state of obedience and respect.

The climax was reached at tea-time, when an anonymous hand was thrust beneath the skylight, and a full-bodied tract fluttered wildly down and upset his tea.

"That's the last straw!" he roared, fishing out the tract and throwing it on the floor. "I'll read them chaps a lesson they won't forget in a hurry, and put a little money in my pocket at the same time. I've got a little plan in my 'ed as come to me quite sudden this afternoon. Come on deck, Bob."

Bob obeyed, grinning, and the skipper, taking the wheel from Sam, sent him for the others.

(Continued on Page 3)

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



GUINNESS is certainly good for its shareholders. For the third year running the company has paid a dividend of 24 per cent. plus a bonus of 5 per cent. on its shares.

How can one explain this prosperity when the stuff is so hard to come by? I am told that the company, like most other breweries, is producing more than ever before. Even so, the output has not kept pace with the demand. No increase has been permitted in the supply of ingredients which go to the making of beer.

The Earl of Iveagh, chairman of the £9,500,000 Guinness firm, is expected to break the news of how it's done in the near future. In the meantime, I find that London's publicans are puzzled. One told me that he had a pre-war trade in Guinness of about 80 to 100 dozen a week. His deliveries are now restricted to about 24 dozen.

"Before the war," he said, "we used to charge 9d. for a Guinness. It is now 1s. 1d., but, of course, the increase is merely duty, which goes to the Government. Neither the brewer nor the licensee gets anything out of that."



THERE'LL be no dishing out of hymn-books to churchgoers at the City Temple, Catherine Street, Liverpool, from October onwards.

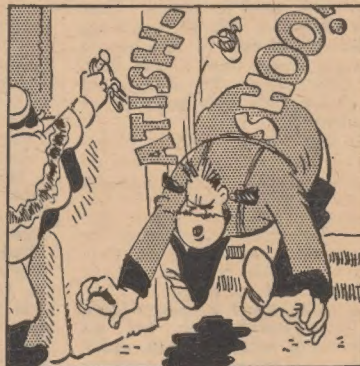
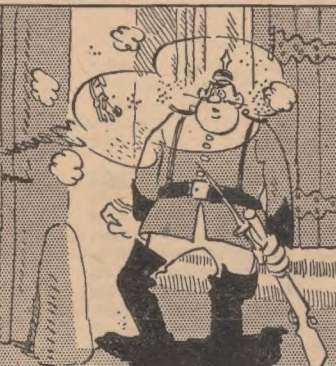
The words of the hymns will be filmed instead—on a screen inside the church, with a "bobbing ball" to bounce on each word in turn and keep the singers in time to the music.

And if the voices of the congregation don't swell in unison as they should, there'll be a ghost-choir recorded on the sound track to help them out.

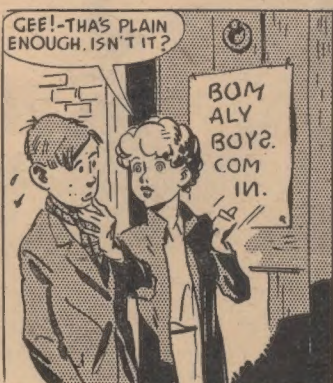
Movie shows to bring to life hymns, psalms and the lessons are to be part of the regular services there.

When they sing "Rock of Ages," they will have not only the words before them, but also a picture of Cheddar Gorge, with the rock that inspired the author to write the hymn.

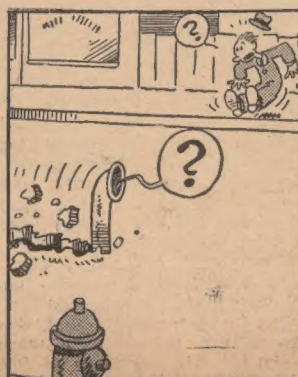
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



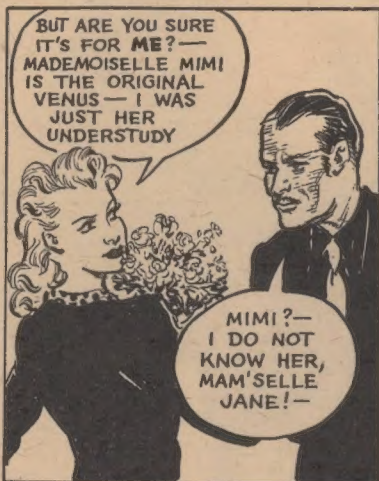
WANGLING WORDS—454

1. Insert six consonants in * I * * * E * * * and get an English county.
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? *Tas a kacj tillet norerc ni rhoner.*
3. In these four foreigners the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? C2674, 4928, B93G72, S36V78.

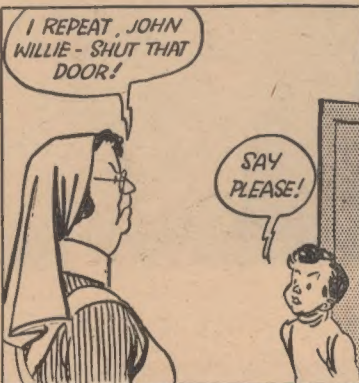
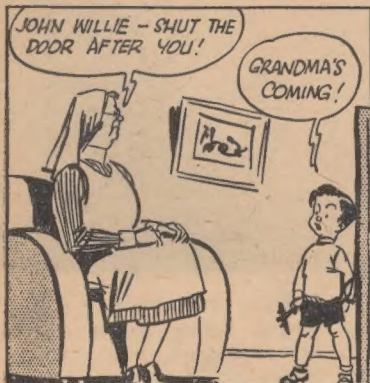
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 453

- 1. POPOCATAPETL.
- 2. Mary, Mary, quite contrary.
- 3. Yiddish, Romany, Romance, Irish.

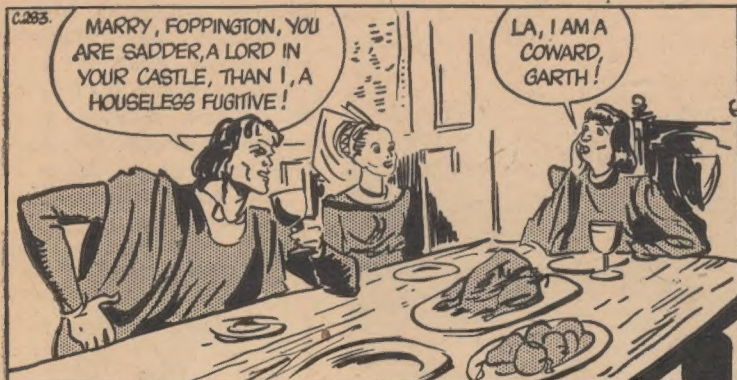
JANE



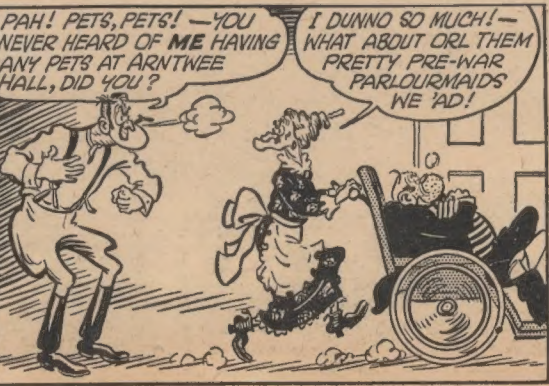
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



said the other, "an' the mate an' cook witness it."

"O' course, you jine the Army for good, sir," said Dick, still doubtfully.

"O' course."

"Then it's a bargain, sir," said Dick, beaming; "ain't it, chaps?"

"Ay, ay," said the others, but not beaming quite so much.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 38

- 1. When Mabel said "Hips and haws," George was immediately reminded of a film star. Who? And why?
- 2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Nail, Screw, Rivet, Bolt, Dowel, Pin, Peg.
- 3. 17 minus 5 is to 25 what 18 plus 3 is to 26, 39, 43, 52, 61?
- 4. Mr. Smith took a taxi from his home to his office.

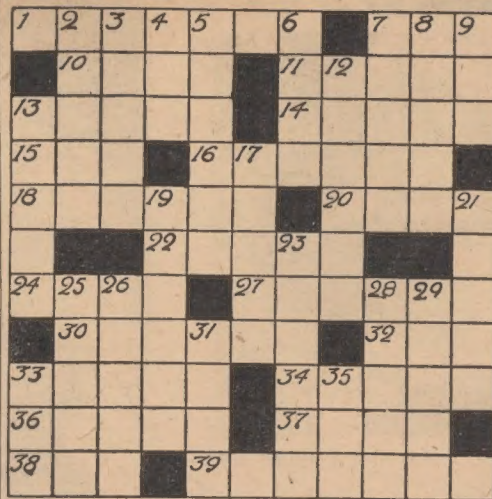
Halfway there he picked up a colleague, Mr. Jones. The total distance was 12 miles, and the fare was 10 shillings. Mr. Smith thus had a 12-mile ride, and Mr. Jones a 6-mile ride. Should Mr. Jones therefore pay 3s. 4d. (half as much as Mr. Smith, who would pay 6s. 8d.)? If not, what should he pay?

(Answers in No. 516)

Answers to Test No. 37.

- 1. Horse.
- 2. Lesley is both a boy's and a girl's name; others are exclusively boys' names.
- 3. (a) No, (b) No, (c) No.
- 4. Saturday week.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Flimsy network.
- 7 Boring piece.
- 10 Low cart.
- 11 Scene of action.
- 13 Elk.
- 14 At no time.
- 15 Sea-bird.
- 16 Sailing ship.
- 18 Notes of music.
- 20 Choir member.
- 22 Volatile liquid.
- 24 Spare.
- 27 First-born.
- 30 Withdraw.
- 32 Reverence.
- 33 Ventured.
- 34 Purvey food.
- 36 By.
- 37 Ash.
- 38 Insect.
- 39 Keeps away.

CLAW HIGHER
AURORA RAGE
CRONE BELGA
TESTER AVID
U E LOOSEN
SO DEUCE GT
BRIDGE B H
SLOG HAVANA
LIVEN NINON
AGES TSETSE
BERTHA SUET

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Fragrance.
- 3 On the rocks.
- 4 Remained.
- 5 Loop-hole.
- 6 Warbled.
- 7 Sloping edge.
- 8 Without motion.
- 9 Preservative.
- 12 Gaze upon.
- 13 Girl's name.
- 17 Doorkeeper.
- 19 Gave outlet to.
- 21 External.
- 23 Chooses.
- 25 Obliterate.
- 28 Consumed.
- 29 Melodious.
- 31 Notion.
- 33 Fish.
- 35 Exist.

QUIZ for today

- 5. What chemical element is essential to all acids?
- 6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Lingual, Linolium, Lincture, Lingerie, Linnen, Liquorice.

Answers to Quiz in No. 514

- 1. A lith is a slip of wood, impediment in speech, joint, kind of grass, metal turning?
- 2. A linhay is a stable for what domestic animal?
- 3. Of what country is Caracas the capital?
- 4. What was the date of (a) the Battle of Trafalgar, (b) the Battle of Waterloo?
- 1. Ground-up grain.
- 2. Muslin is a fabric; Muslim is a form of Moslem.
- 3. Carnarvon Castle, Wales.
- 4. Shannon, Ireland.
- 5. A mythical dog with three heads.
- 6. League, Picturesque, Plague.



Alex Cracks

The flustered woman approached the magnificent shopwalker, her arms full of parcels. "I'm looking for my husband," she informed him. "He was to have met me here two hours ago. I wonder if you've seen him?" The shopwalker did his best to look obliging. "Possibly I have, madam," he said. "Is there anything at all distinctive about him?" A frightened expression came over the woman's face. "Yes," she said, "I should imagine so. He ought to be purple by this time."

He was to be married, and he went to his tailor to be measured for the wedding outfit. When the agony was over the tailor coughed apologetically. "I am sorry, Mr. Smith, but I must ask you to pay cash for these suits!" "What! I've had an account with you for fourteen years, and I've always settled half-yearly!" "I know, sir," apologised the tailor, "but up to now you've always had the handling of your own money."

Good Morning

THREE'S
A
CROWD
9 in three
reels



Clark Gable : " At last I have you alone."

Norma Shearer : " Oh, my dear, I've missed you so. But wait, we are observed . . ."



Clark Gable : " I don't see any one."

Norma Shearer : " Not there, you gumph ! Behind you."

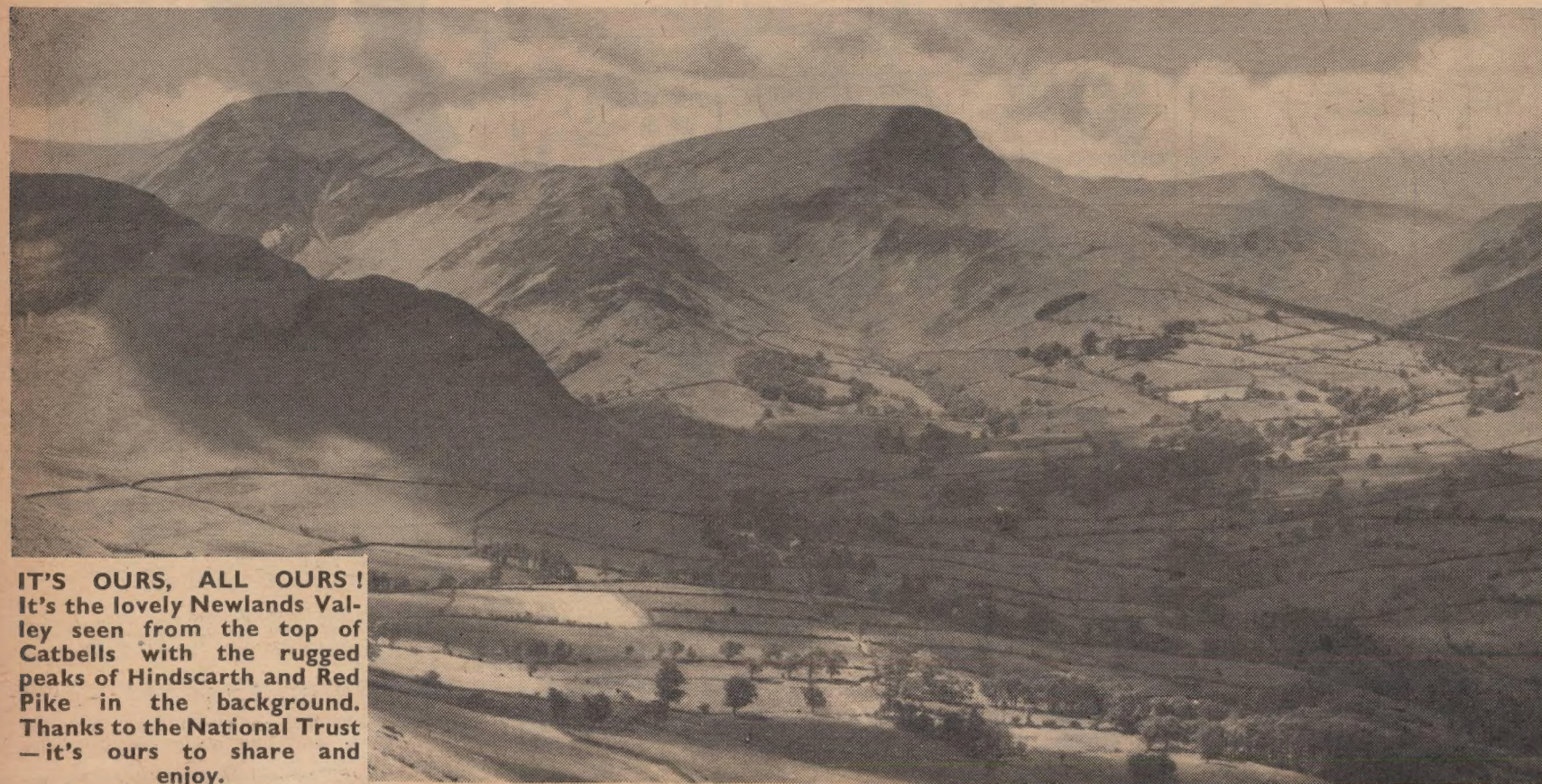


Rin-Tin-Tin : " Don't mind me. I'll keep doggo."

Gable and Shearer : " Well, we'll be doggorn !"



" Boy, oh, boy ! That must have been some wrestling-match Anne Baxter's been in. And it's not the torn sleeve of her gingham blouse that tells us so. Oh, no ! we know that look in the eyes when we see it ! It may be a 20th Century-Fox production, but the look dates back to the first century."



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS !
It's the lovely Newlands Valley seen from the top of Catbells with the rugged peaks of Hindscarth and Red Pike in the background. Thanks to the National Trust — it's ours to share and enjoy.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

" See any strange light in these eyes? "

